EVINRUDE



Come "Evinrude" With Us

Do you know what "Evinruding" is? It is not a **new** sport because too many thousands are "Evinruding" to call it Dictionaries should describe it as making a motor-boat of any row-boat in less than one minute of realiz-ing all the pleasures of motor-boating with any rowboat or canoe.

ENIMENDE I

is vibrationless, quiet and smooth run-ning; weighs about fifty pounds; may be carried anywhere like a suit case.

You Don't Need to Own a Boat

you have an "Evinrude" because "Evinrude" will attach to any boat whether rented or owned, and its simof operation enables women and hildren to enjoy the pleasures of Evinruding" everywhere. In design-ng our 1914 models we have installed a

Built-In Reversible Magneto

the eliminates the carrying of fifteen or wenty pounds of batteries necessary with milar motors. This magneto starts the oter with one-twelfth turn of the fly-breel in either direction; is not affected by sin, waves or even complete submersion. The motor drives the average rowboat eight ules an hour or may be slowed down for olling. Speed with the average canoe we've miles an hour.

all at your Hardware or Sporting Goods lealer to see the "Evinrude" or write for large illustrated catalog sent free.

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TYPEWRITERS MAKES

men. The Sunbeam stopped at Boothbay Harbor and took in tow the schooner Abdon Keene, which was to be used as a lighter. When the tow arrived at Muscongus men, women, and children turned out. It was a

women, and children turned out. It was a gala occasion. Everything had to be rafted ashore, as there is no wharf at Muscongus; but there were willing hands, and every beast of burden on the island was pressed into service. There was Nathan Carter's single ox team, Cal Prior with his lame horse, Elsie Osier with his steers, and Ed Carter with Benson's blind mare.

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With all this building material and with a few hundred dollars since raised through different channels the church was assured. The cornerstone was laid with appropriate exercises, and by another summer Muscongus will probably have a modern house of worship, with an audience room, lecture hall, and even a small public library. So the passing of Malaga brought joy to one community, even though the degenerate inhabitants were sorrowful at being dispossessed from the only place they ever had known as home.

SCATTERED here and there along the coast to the castward a few settlements coast to the castward a few settlements of not more than half a dozen families are to be found living under equally deplorable con-ditions. It was one of these latter colonies that I discovered when on a yachting cruise,

that I discovered when on a yachting cruise. The distribution of a few cigars, a box of cheap candy, and perhaps a dollar in small change, made me welcome enough.

The warmest, snuggest shack on the little island was the cabin top from a lumber coaster wrecked a few years ago on a nearby point. By raising it a foot there would have been full head room. But that would have entailed exertion; so the seven men, women, and children, to say nothing of three mongrel dogs, four cats, and a hen or two, lived in it as it was. The adults had become stoop shouldered from keeping their heads bowed that they might not bump them on the cabin carlines.

Mandy was a not uncomely looking young colored woman. She wore men's trousers, and her shiftless white husband watched her unconcernedly as she picked up a clam hoe and basket and started for the flats to dig their dinner.

In another shack was a woman aged almost to the point of senility. She pawed over a string of dirty beads, mumbling incoherently to herself. She took no notice of

A robust but not over bright looking man of fifty or thereabout sat in a chair con-structed from a flour barrel and knitted

of fifty or thereabout sat in a chair constructed from a flour barrel and knitted socks.

"I kind o' like to do it, ye know," he explained. "Can't go a fishin', cause it's blowin' too all-fired hard i'r my dory; so thought I'd knit a spell."

Two women clad in filthy wrappers pattered about the dirt floor in their bare feet; while sickly looking children amused themselves by pulling a cat's tail and chasing a mangy dog round the place.

"What do you do when it comes winter?" I inquired. There were holes in the walls big enough for gulls to fly through.

"Waal, 'tis durn chilly sometimes. Las' winter we stuffed ol' rags in the cracks; but ye see I didn't chop 'nough wood to last, 'n' there was a few days when the ole woman 'n' the kids hed a pow'ful hard time of it."

Think of existence in such a hovel! No fire, and a winter northwester howling over he gray waters and sifting the numbing anows into every nook and cranny on that barren little bit of Maine rock and soil!

I gave the man money and asked him if he would get some shingles and at least make the place tight before another winter.

"Bless you, Mister, sure I will! I'll get 'em the fust time I take my lobsters over to Round Pond."

I TOUCHED there again in late October. It was my last cruise before hauling the yacht out for the season, and I thought I should like to see what kind of job my squatter had done with the shingles for which I had given him money. had given him money.

The shack was the same. There were the same holes, the same wind-inviting cracks. A drizzling rain beat down on the roof, and little rivulets streamed through with sievelike persistence

There were eight men, women, and chil-There were eight men, women, and chindren in the place. Only one corner was dry. There on an upended barrel stood a cheap but unmistakably new music box. It was tinkling out "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Under pressure, the head of the hovel admitted he had bought it with the shingle

"Ye see, Mister, Jen is pow'ful fond of music, 'n' so be I. So's the kids crazy 'bout it. I can fix up the holes a leetle later on—reelly, Mister. We sure needed thet music machine somethin' horrid, Mister. Thet's a fac'!"



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